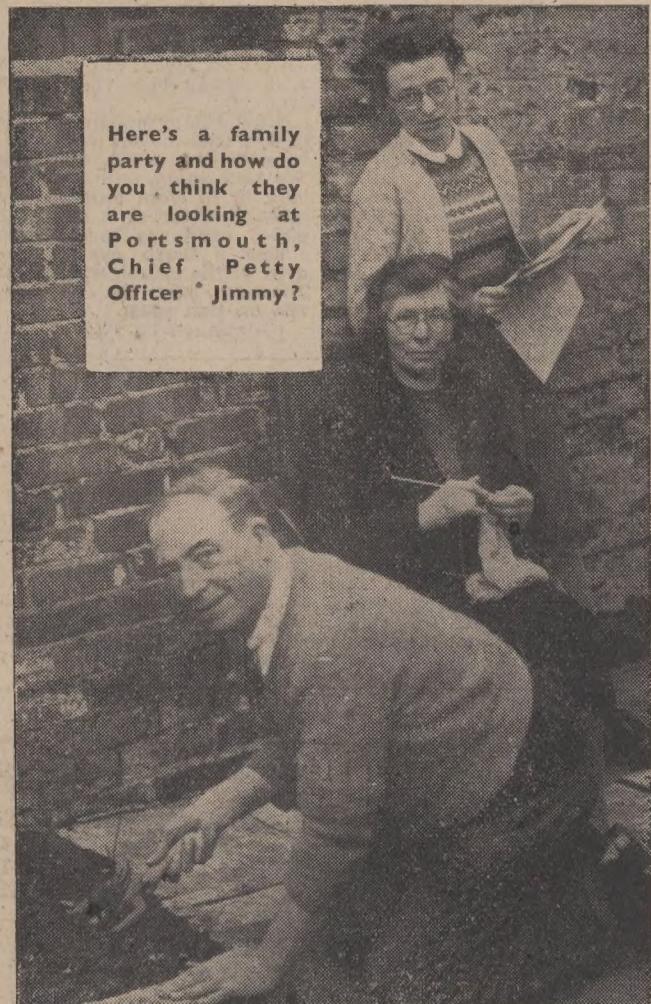


Good 670 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sea Story for C.P.O. James Martin



HERE is a glimpse of the grapher called, but unfortunately she did not arrive.

Later, when our reporter met Mr. and Mrs. Martin, he found that Mary had turned up from Hereford on a nine days' leave from the W.A.A.F.s.

Your Dad tells us that he put in nearly 27 years in the Service, and went through the last war.

So we can understand your own liking for the sea, "Pincher," especially as you were an old Greenwich school boy.

Incidentally, we think your sister Mary is rather sorry she didn't follow the family tradition by also joining the naval service.

She says she hasn't heard from you lately, but here's her message: "Tell him I'm still sticking it out and trying to smile."

The right spirit's there, at any rate! And Mary told us you would understand.

Dad added: "Wish him all the best from me, and say we hope he will get home safe again."

And Mrs. Martin said: "My wish is the same, and tell him when he sees the photograph we hope he will find us all looking just the same as when he left home."

So there you are, "Pincher." That's just how we found things at Queen's-road.

And we are glad to have done our part in providing a link up with the old home.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C. N. I.

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

LOVE AND HATE FLAMED INTO RED-HOT TRIANGLE

STUART MARTIN
concludes his report
of the Ruth Snyder
murder case in the
series "Crime in
America"

THE keynote of the Snyder murder, as may have been guessed, was the ordinary triangle. The driving force was Ruth Snyder. Henry Judd Gray, the little corset salesman, was her paramour. But there were aspects of the triangle that lifted it above ordinary sordid crime.

It was proved beyond a doubt that Alfred Snyder was beaten unconscious with the sash-weight, then strangled with picture wire as he lay asleep in his home in Queen's County, New York. He probably never knew who attacked him.

Motive? A double-barrelled one. First, to let the two guilty parties live together; second, to get Snyder's life insurance to make them comfortable in worldly goods. Love, jealousy and hate flared up during the long trial... It was a red-hot triangle.

Much was written about the Granite Woman, and about her "tool," Gray. It became almost hysterical, for the details the newspapers gave were lurid; but true all the same.

Gray had left his wife and daughter to tie up with Ruth Snyder; but I don't think he ever meant murder—not until Ruth planned it and egged him on. If he was to have her, he must help her to get rid of Snyder. That was the gist of it. So he helped her.

There wasn't much chance for either of them. They were scheduled to ride the lightning at 11 o'clock on January 12th, 1928.

A curious sidelight was that for weeks before the execution stories were going around to the effect that Bob Elliott, the executioner, was horrified at the idea of putting a woman to death, and had applied to Governor Smith to spare her.

Elliott told me himself that there wasn't an atom of truth in these rumours and declarations. But, on the strength of them, he got dozens of letters from strangers asking for permission to do the job in his place. Many of these letters were from women. And practically all the letters were antagonistic to Ruth.

One woman wrote—I saw her letter—that "the chair is just what she should get, and I'd be more than glad to help you. I could execute Ruth Snyder with a good heart."

But there were other letters, too. Several threatened Elliott with death if he threw the switch against Ruth. He was told his family would suffer, that he himself would "get it." I'll say this for Bob Elliott—he never even turned a single letter over to the cops.

Now the death chamber in Sing Sing didn't have room for more than about 30 witnesses of the scene. Warden Lawes got 1,500 applications. Among that number were 125 requests from American newspapers. I mention this to let you see how the nation was stirred. Drama! It was a-plenty.

Early afternoon saw the crowds begin to assemble by the prison entrance. Hundreds of automobiles were parked close by the gates of the "big house." It was not unlike election night as the evening wore on.

Inside the death chamber Bob Elliott was busy attending to the electrodes when a guard came and asked him if he thought Ruth's hair should be cut. She had been busy for weeks combing it so that

she should look her best, but it had grown thin in the months of her gaol life. Bob said he'd manage without hair-cutting.

How had she been taking it? At first she was haughty, then she lost her aloofness and became subdued, and finally she was just scared stiff. So said down the matron.

We gathered in the seats before the chair—officials, newspapermen, witnesses. (According to law there must be witnesses in America to an execution.) The clock showed 10.45. There wasn't a word in the chamber. Just silence.

The clock showed 11 p.m. We who were in the front bench saw her first as she came to her doom. She was wearing a brown smock over a black brown-deep cotton shirt. The clock showed 11.1 as she came into sight.

The Granite Woman! I remember a newspaperman nudged me to move a bit off so he could get a view. I slid up maybe a few inches, but it wasn't the Ruth Snyder in the D. A.'s office who shuffled along beside the priest. Oh, no, it wasn't.

Her blonde hair was combed, her face was white, and although she made an attempt to get the electrode on the scalp.

Down went the mask over her face. Her scream came again, like an animal unutterably frightened.

"Father forgive them . . .

she didn't know what she was saying now . . . and Elliott stepped to the switch and threw it.

Silence now. Dead silence indeed, save for the usual spluttering that marks the current coursing through.

The newspaperman who had asked me to move up raised his hand . . . and plunged it into his pocket, then slumped back on the bench. There wasn't a face among all the witnesses that wasn't deathly white.

And Warden Lawes still had his eyes glued to the floor. Elliott let the current run for two minutes. It was the longest two minutes I ever sat through. Two minutes in which the fluttering wings of Death flapped in that chamber. You could almost hear them.

The surgeon (Dr. Sweet—what a name for the job!) stepped forward with his stethoscope, stooped, listened—then signed. They took her body away, wheeling it into the autopsy room. And that was the end of Ruth Snyder.

Next came Henry Judd Gray, fellow-murderer. In ordinary life he wore thick glasses, horn-rimmed. I saw him in court at his trial. Now he came to his death.

He came without his glasses, without his coat. He was wearing grey slacks and a white shirt. He came quickly, firmly.

The priest did not need to say much. Nobody needed to help Henry Judd Gray. I got the idea that he wanted it over

He never looked up once. And quickly. He had his wish, if I remembered that he had told that was it.

He sat down in the chair, prayed in silence for maybe half a minute. Then looked straight at us who were looking at him.

Not a sign of whimpering was in his small body. He looked straight ahead while the straps were adjusted. He gave no trouble. I'll say this for him, he went gamely. He rode the lightning without a murmur.

And two minutes later they carried him out.

I think some of us were sorry for that little runt, but whether he was sorry for himself is more than I could guess. He never showed it, anyway.

So out into the world and the telephone and long descriptions to the sheet for which I was working. Detailed description too. A streamer headline, Big type. Sob stuff. Make the hearts of the subscribers melt from New York to the Golden Gates.

Ruth Snyder had been the first woman put to death in Sing Sing since 1899. She had also been the first woman Bob Elliott had sent into eternity. So I told it all, from his angle as well as hers.

And what do you think! Out comes a morning paper with a photograph of Ruth in her death agony!

A beat! A real photo! There she was in that ghastly picture just as she had slumped at the touch of the current. No fake there!

I handed it out to the photographer, for there was a strict rule that no pictures were to be taken. And then I remembered that little squirt who had asked me to move up the bench! I trailed him. Sure it was him. He had had a miniature camera strapped to his left ankle, concealed by his wide slacks. The camera was manipulated by a plunger in his trouser pocket!

The little squirt. What annoyed me was that he had broken faith with Warden Lawes and the rules. I saw trouble. There was. For after that everybody who was a witness to an execution was searched before going to the death chamber; and more, the prison officials erected a canvas screen right in front of the front bench for future occasions.

It was a horrible picture. But it was a good one. Oh, yes a beat! But it broke the confidence of the officials. The little squirt. Damn it . . . but it was a beat for all that.



"Blimey! And Ma used to say, 'Whatever the circumstances, hold your head high!'"

to keep her chin up, in the literal sense, it wouldn't stay up. I tell you that her face shook with fear.

Shuffle, Shuffle, Shuffle, she came, a little old woman who had aged in months. The voice of the priest intoned the prayer. She stumbled, faltered, spoke words after his, but I am sure she did not know what she was saying. Mumble, mumble, mumble. And shaking jaws

She jerked up her head with a supreme effort—and saw the chair. Something like a moan escaped her; she staggered and would have fallen but for a guard. A matron grabbed her arm and aided her towards the seat of death. And then she found her voice. It came in a kind of scream.

"Jesus have mercy on me, I have sinned."

She was sobbing now. Bitter, bitter sobs, that made her frame tremble. Her hands up to her face, then dropping to her sides, then fluttering helplessly.

I glanced at Warden Lawes—he who decided when and how prisoners were to die. He was standing near the door. His eyes were fixed on the flooring.

IT may not be very long other day that extracting magnesium from sea water is a much of the weary labour of commercial proposition, and lifting your tankard from the bar-counter. You all know how tired you get towards the end of the evening at the "local" through heaving a pint-pot full of beer up to mouth level—some chaps get cramp in the elbow through it.

You will still have to do the lifting, but when tankards are made from magnesium, as is forecast by an American scientist, Doctor Willard Dow, it will be easy work. He states that a beer pot weighs about the same (empty) as an inflated toy balloon.

Doctor Willard told a Committee of the U.S.A. Senate the

It is likely, he said, that we shall have magnesium wheelbarrows and magnesium lawn-mowers, as well as magnesium kitchen effects. So those of you who ran away to sea to escape mowing the lawn will soon be able to return, all forgiven.

About 9,000,000 pounds of magnesium can be extracted from a cubic mile of sea—and the operation brings in several by-products, not the least of which is 18-carat gold.

D. N. K. B.

No More Elbow Cramp

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

I HAVE got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a Ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with—and afterward I shall make your flesh creep.

My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way; a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it; and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun begins with the frightening of him.

At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick

and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out of my wits.

That is not a very pleasant thing to confess before stating the particulars, but perhaps you will be the reader to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them:

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

By WILKIE COLLINS

Well, in eighteen hundred and from home as possible; and eighteen, or nineteen, when which freighted the brig, in the there was peace, in our part of year I am speaking of, with a the world—and not before it cargo of gunpowder for Gen-

was wanted, you will say—eral Bolivar and his volunteers.

Nobody knew anything about

scampering, scrambling kind, our instructions, when we

going on in that old battlefield sailed, except the captain; and

which we seafaring men know he didn't half seem to like

by the name of the Spanish

them. I can't rightly say how

many barrels of powder we had

barrels held—I only know we

had no other cargo.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the

brig, and shaped our course, first, for the Virgin Islands, in

the West Indies, and, after

sighting them, we made for the

Leeward Islands next, and then

stood on due south, till the

look-out at the mast-head

hauled the deck and said he

saw land.

That land was the coast of

South America. We had had a

AS an old tub the Good Intent was crazy and to make matters crazier she had a cargo of gunpowder to help a revolution in South America (that wasn't so crazy) and on board her was a mate who was haunted. That is the setting for the thriller.

of our cargo, we were har- wonderful voyage so far. We assed with new regulations, had lost none of our spars, or which we didn't at all like, sails, and not a man of us had relative to smoking our pipes been harassed to death at the and lighting our lanterns, and, pumps. It wasn't often as usual in such cases, the captain, who made the regulations, preached what he didn't practice.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make

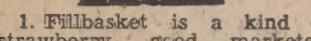
sure of it.

When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forgot the point on the compass, but that don't

matter. What I do remember is that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today



5. What name is given to an eagle's nest?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Saver- nake, Dean, Charnwood, Gower, Sherwood.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 669

1. Fillbasket is a kind of strawberry, good marketer, greedy person, dozen eggs. Litter of six kittens?
2. What is the smallest province in Canada?
3. Who invented the vacuum flask?
4. If you have a "Dane's skin," what have you got?
5. Dutch coin (obsolete).
6. Births, Marriages, Deaths.
7. 300,000.
8. James Wolfe, 1759.
9. Cleopatra.
10. 2534 contains a 5; others don't.

The "Good Intent" was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the home, joined the General as worst found in all respects.

She was two hundred and thirty, or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of

eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to

have had to work the brig.

However, we were well and honestly paid our wages, and

we had to set that against the

Among the Englishmen

who were concerned in this

Spanish-American business,

I, your humble servant, hap-

pened in a small way to be

one.

I was then mate of a brig

chance of foundering at sea,

belonging to a certain firm in

and, on this occasion, likewise

the City, which drove a sort of

the chance of being blown up

general trade, mostly in queer, into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature

of the wind on the sail would be the propelling power of the fan itself, working in the opposite direction.

4. Easily! The paradox arises from dividing the distance an infinite number of times. The gun won't fire till you've finished—and you'll never finish.

But you're not obliged to undertake an infinite division.

5. Coliseum.

6. Bath is not a county town; others are.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 669.

1. Empire. 7. Second cousin.

2. Croydon is not a London Borough; others are.

3. Reader.

4. Easily! The paradox arises from dividing the distance an infinite number of times. The gun won't fire till you've finished—and you'll never finish.

5. 11. 11 is a prime number; others are not.

6. Southampton.

7. Seven. (There were grandfather and grandmother, their son and daughter, their son's wife and his son and daughter).

I Get Around

By DEREK HEBENTON

PROPOSALS were put forward this week for a plan to organise the thousands of shop assistants in Britain and to form one union for all distributive workers.

The scheme for a new amalgamated union was drawn up by the executive councils of the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers and the National Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks.

It is to be submitted to annual delegate meetings of both unions this year, and after acceptance, will be submitted to a ballot vote of members.

Membership of the new union will be approximately 350,000. It will organise all workers employed in wholesale or retail distributive operations and in the catering trades.

Administrative, clerical, supervisory and general commercial employees will also be included.



THE long-neglected actors in film crowd scenes are at last going to be locked after. This is the result of a dispute at Denham Studios on the set of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

An inquiry produced a list of recommendations which Captain Crickett, secretary of the Film Artists' Association, calls "the greatest advance the industry has known."

Film crowd workers will no longer have to pay ten per cent. of their salary to agents. They will be hired by producing companies through a central casting bureau instead of spending weary hours queueing outside agents' offices.

Only those who actually earn their living from crowd scenes and small parts will be permitted to continue in the industry. They will be expected to join the F.A.A.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



ALEX CRACK

"Thank goodness we've only got three children!"

"But I should love to have a fourth, wouldn't you?"

"Good heavens, no! I read in the paper yesterday that every fourth person in the world is Chinese."

Wangling Words No. 609

1. Behead loose and do without.
2. Insert the same letter nine times and make a sentence of: rightlondeeauteslowiglueules.
3. What common word has ICI for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Good bookbinders — the — to the boards with a strong adhesive.

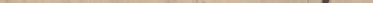
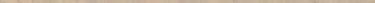
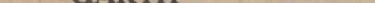
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 608

1. S-lot.
2. Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.
3. MEMBERShip.
4. Peas, apes.

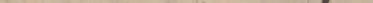
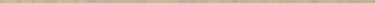
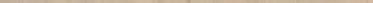
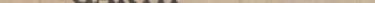
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



D.128.

CLUES. ACROSS.—1 Squeeze. 4 Contraction. 9 Was angry. 10 Lake. 12 Rested. 13 Boy's name. 15 Crustacean. 17 Dine. 18 Lovers. 20 Paid up. 22 Young bird. 24 Pale shade. 26 Bind. 27 Fruit. 29 Impost. 30 Brandish. 32 First chance. 35 Disentangle. 36 Presently. 37 Short County. 38 Girl's name. 39 Head-covering.

CLUES. DOWN.—2 A distance. 3 Fickle. 4 Raining. 5 Goodbye. 6 Opening. 7 Add. 8 For which. 11 Gladden. 12 Make off. 14 Proverb. 16 Insect. 19 School book. 20 Ruler. 21 Did office work. 23 Shrivelled. 25 Promise. 28 Extol. 29 Air. 31 Official endorsement. 32 Crude. 33 Cheat. 34 Ballad.

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

(Continued from Page 2)

We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor, but he said: 'No, he must first show a light at the foretopmasthead and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm.

What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before anything happened — and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered: "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-coloured native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who

showed it to me.

It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not oversafe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old Government) had been taken and shot in the neighbourhood the day before.

We might trust the brig to the native pilot, and he had his instructions to take us to the best of him. Near another part of the coast. The nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig.

He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, and slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon

overboard. He gave me one ugly look and walked aft.

I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night, and dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch-dark and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck, with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the forecastle. It was not my watch till four in the morning.

But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again.

I was awake by a scuffle on the forecastle and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern and look, to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, "You were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!"

(To be continued)

SCREEN SHOTS

THRILLER writer Agatha Christie has adapted her own novel, "Appointment with Death," for the stage, to re-open the Piccadilly Theatre.

The play presents lively entertainment with unusual settings and an unusual theme, and brings Mary Clare back to the London stage as the woman who keeps the appointment.

She is supported by the blonde Carla Lehmann and a strong cast, who really make the characters live. It should be a strong favourite at leave-time.

★

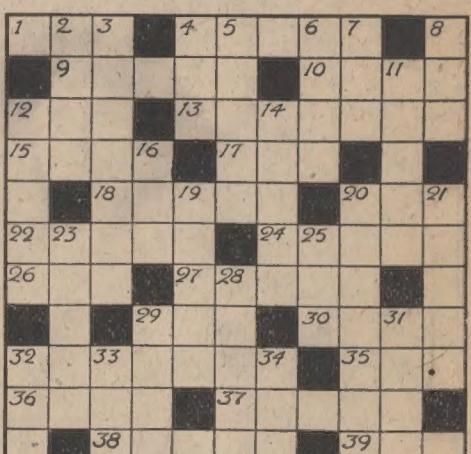
HE sings with a sense of humour," says band-leader Phil Green of Canadian Army Private Paul Carpenter, who is the featured vocalist in the Phil Green programme with the B.B.C. Carpenter, a former announcer with the C.B.C., joins Phil's band each week in putting over half an hour of popular music for all tastes.

★

PHYLLIS DIXEY'S successful continuous revue, "Peek-a-Boo," at the Whitehall Theatre, is switching to afternoon performances only soon. In the evenings London's strip-tease star will appear in "While Parents Sleep," the comedy which she took on tour a year or so ago.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

S	BOWER	RIB
CLEF	VACATE	
RUG	SIGHTED	
ANIMAL	RIME	
PANEL	MOOW	
R	DOZEN	B
D	DIN	LIVER
ERIC	DOCILE	
PARAGON	SOP	
OSTLER	COWL	
THY	MAJOR	Y



CLUES. ACROSS.—1 Squeeze. 4 Contraction. 9 Was angry. 10 Lake. 12 Rested. 13 Boy's name. 15 Crustacean. 17 Dine. 18 Lovers. 20 Paid up. 22 Young bird. 24 Pale shade. 26 Bind. 27 Fruit. 29 Impost. 30 Brandish. 32 First chance. 35 Disentangle. 36 Presently. 37 Short County. 38 Girl's name. 39 Head-covering.

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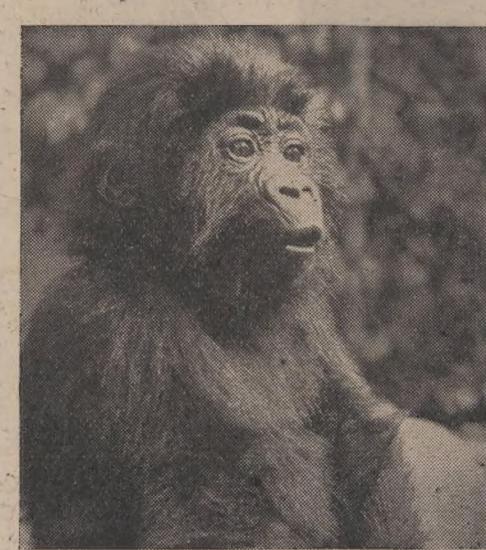
Good Morning



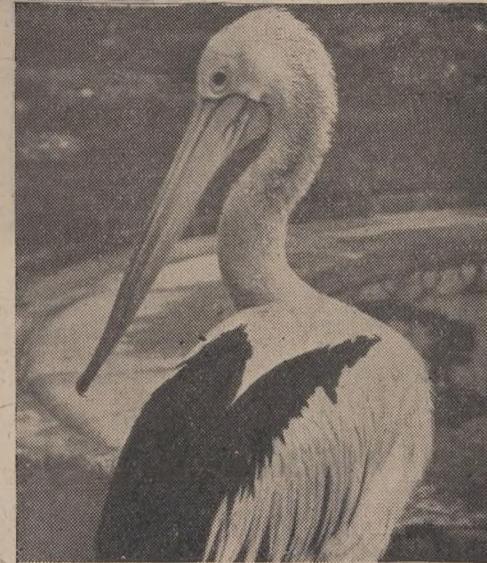
The last time we went to Blackpool, half Lancashire was having its Wakes Week there. Certainly Talbot Square looked just a little different from the way it looks in this picture! Anyway, as we spent the whole of our time being thrown out of the pubs for dancing and being thrown out of the ballrooms for drinking, our recollections are hazy.



When Suzanne Lenglen first showed the edge of her drawers on the centre court at Wimbledon, the game of tennis finally arrived. Men came armed with opera-glasses. Mamas told their children to turn their heads away. Mrs. Grundy fainted. And this belle of the courts spun round in her grave like a humming-top!



"Who do you think you are—the only living question-mark in captivity? Give me an impromptu answer to that question, and you can take your place beside Professor Joad in the Brains Trust."



"Now, see here, my good man. Your only chance of ever appearing in the Brains Trust is as a long-lost friend of Commander Campbell's. And, even then, your chances are pretty slim—unless you can make steam come out of your head!"

Fashion Note: Vertical stripes are slimming. Can it be that our little June Haver has her future behind her?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Prof. Julian Huxley must be told about this."

